

The Margaret Eaton School of Literature and Expression

If thou of Fortune be bereft
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves, sell one
And with the dole—

Buy hyacinths to feed thy Roul.

James Jerry White

Haunting power of music
Song that followed me
Womens Musical Club.

Peter Abbot - our the Emancipator
King George of Greece.

The House Beautiful

A naked house - a naked moor
A shivering pool before the door
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot
Such is the place that I live in
Bleak without and bare within

In these lines we find simple
conceptions given without atmosphere
or without any feeling of connection
with other objects -

In the next few lines observe that the
very same objects are taken up
under the dominion of the imagination -
Pictures of the simplest and plainest objects
are filled by the imagination with all
the beauty of light and atmosphere

In the first part the house and objects
are given literally.

In the second place we have their fellowship
with the sun and sky with wind & weather
Things are painted as they exist in
nature so contrast method no 1 with method
no 2

Yet shall your ragged moor receive the
incomparable pomp of eve
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn

and when the wind from place to place
doth - the unmoved cloud galleons chase
your garden gloom and gleam again
with leaping sun with dancing rain
You shall the inward moon ascend the
heavens, in the crimson end of days
declining splendour; then the lining
of the stars appear.

The neighbor hollows dry or wet -
Spring shall with richer flowers dress
and soft the morning never see
larks rising from the hoarse tea
and every fairy wheel and thread of
cobweb do - be diamonded.

When dawns so shall winter time
silence the simple grass with rime
Autumnal frost enshrouds the pool
and make the earth into beautiful.

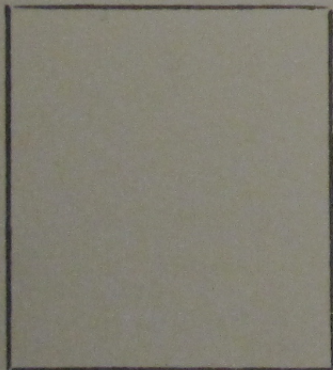
and when snow - bright - the snow expands
how shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth our hermitage
a cheerful and a pleasant page
ends bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice

The Higher Pantheism

The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
Is not the vision He? Tho' He be not that which He seems?
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?
Dark is the world to thee: thyself art the reason why;
For is He not all but that which has power to feel 'I am I'?
Glorious about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillest thy doom
Making Him broken gleams, and a stilled splendour and gloom.
Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
God is law, say the wise; O Soul, and let us rejoice,
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice (over)

Law is God, say some: no God at all, says the fool;
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool,
And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;
But if we could see and hear, this vision — where is not He?

PRIVATE POST CARD



Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
Still there's the comment.
Let me know all! Prate not of most or least.
Painful or easy:
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy"
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give:
Sooner, he spurned it.
Yes, this in him was the peculiar grace,
That before living he'd learn how to live -
No end to learning:
Earn the means first, - God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, "But time escapes:
Live now or never!"
He said, "What's time? Leave now for dogs and apes:
Man has forever."
Was it not great? Did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen) -
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing - heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure:
Wilt thou trust death or not? He answered "Yes."
Hence with life's pale lure!
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That has the world here - should be need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place:
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews!
Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
Here - here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go: Let joy break with the storm.
Peace let the dew send:
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him - still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

81

Students, this is my tribute to our dead master, written by the master hand of Browning. This great man believed in this school, he said we were ahead of our time, so we look for great things from a School, the gift of one of Canada's greatest men, cradled in the church nearby, and fathered by a Scholar. It is yours to uphold our ideals, and to dignify in your life your Alma Mater.

Emma Scott Nasmith,
Principal.



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